

The Historie of

Coosen, on Wednesday next, our counsell we will hold
At *Winsor*, so informer the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Falsf. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke,
and vnbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon Benches
after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truely,
which thou wouldest truely know. What a deuill hast thou to
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of
Sacke, and minutes Capons, & Clocks the tongues of Bawdes,
and Dials the signes of Leaping houses, and the blessed Sunne
himselfe a faire hot Wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see
no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaund the
time of the day.

Falsf. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take
Purses, goe by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not by *Pha-*
buis, he, that wandring knight so faire: and I prethee sweete
wagge, when thou art King, as God saue thy Grace; Maiesty
I should say, for Grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. VVhat none?

Falsf. No by my troth, not so much as will serue to be pro-
logue to an Egge and Butter.

Prince. VVell, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falsf. Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs
that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeues of the
dayes beauty: let vs be *Dianaes* Forresters, Gentlemen of the
shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of
good government, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble
and chaste *Mistris* the Moone; vader whose countenaunce we
steale.

Prince. Thou sayest well, and it holdes well too, for the for-
tune of vs that are the Moones men, doth ebbe and flow like
the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is by the Moone; as for
proofe.

Henry the fourth.

proofe. Now a Purse of gold most re-
day night, and most dissolutly spent
got with swearing lay by, and spent
now in as low an ebbe as the foote of
in as high a flow as the ridge of the C

Falsf. By the Lord thou saiest true
stesse of the Tauerne a most sweet w

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*, my o
not a Buffe Ierkin a most sweet robe

Falsf. How now, how now now mad
and thy quiddities? What a plague h
Ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I
of the Tauerne?

Falsf. Well, thou hast cald her to
and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to

Falsf. No, Ile giue thee thy due, th

Prin. Yea and else where, so far a
and where it would not, I haue vsed

Falsf. Yea, and so vsde it, that wer
thou art Heire apparant. But I preth

Gallows standing in *England* when
on thus subd as it is with the rusty c
Law: doe not thou when thou art a

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Falsf. Shall I? Or are by the Lord

Prin. Thou iudgest false already.
hanging of the Theeues, and so beco

Falsf. VVell *Hal*, well, and in for
humor, as well as waiting in the Co

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Falsf. Yea, for obtaining of sute
hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I a
Cat, or a lugsd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a Louer

Falsf. Yea, or the Drone of a Lin

Prin. VVhat sayest thou to a H